



The Pathological Pooper



170 16 9

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

It was the big moment. I was about to make the opening speech for my class, the incoming freshmen. I had studied hard for the entrance exams, and it had paid off. I was the de facto valedictorian of my class. There was just one small problem.

I say small, but it's actually quite serious. As I walked up stage, my nerves started acting up. My stomach started churning. My palms began to sweat. At the podium, I had my speech ready. All I had to do was read off the paper. Not difficult. The absolute silence of the auditorium, however, was oppressive. I sweated.

Suddenly, I felt a familiar movement down in my bowels. Oh no! I thought to myself.

Then, there it was. A peculiar sound erupted in the auditorium, echoing throughout. It was the sound of something getting squished. I was a disgusting sound. A revolting smell began to waft from my pants. Oh no, I thought. I've done it again.

Aw, Shit. And I mean this in the literal sense, not in the sense of profanity.

I was a pathological pooper.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Now, many were aware of my condition, such as close friends and a roll of physicians too long to relay. But this was the first time that this had occurred in a public forum. I was smart enough to usually make mental maps of the locations of all bathrooms wherever I went, and had been able to live a productive life thus far. I had a girlfriend, a job, and a steady GPA. What more could a guy want?

To not shit in his pants constantly for one thing

The crowd murmured and giggled. See more of Story Wars. I either find the nearest bathroom or kill myself with a knife.

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Chapter 3 by Sam Lam



I ran as quickly as I could. Humiliation covered my face. "Why can't I be normal for once," I quietly muttered to myself. Once I got into the bathroom stall, I pulled down my pants to see how bad it was. Tears ran down my face when I saw it. I quickly changed my pants and underwear into clean ones and threw the dirty ones away. I can't believe I did that in front of all those people. How could I ever show my face again?

Chapter 4 by Gwen Parker



The next day I killed myself. Right when I did, guess what I did. You guessed it. I shitted.

Chapter 5 by James



Fin

Chapter 6 by -



But I was then resurrected as a dog who had the same pooping problems as before, but my owners loved me even if I pooped everywhere.

Chapter 7 by Wilford Rothchester



Although I'm so lucky to have such wonderful owners - Wayne and Rupert - I'm not so lucky when it comes to my social life.

Every Saturday afternoon while Rupert attends his hot yoga class down at Chester Street, Wayne would take me down to the dog park next to the State Museum. Here, I get to meet all kinds of dogs from around town; they're all very nice and social.

Usually within seconds, I'd get my sniff. I'd sniff the most extroverted retriever - right up the butt hole. Then comes the second, and the third. And by then, my pathological pooping symptoms would start to kick in. I'd sniff the dog after each sniff, and the old queasy feeling down my bowel would start to merge.

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By the fifth sniff, my butt-hole turns into a Russian roulette pistol - ready to unload on any of the proceeding sniffing candidates.

Chapter 8 by James



Max, a mentally handicapped pure bred Labrador, who was the worst in terms of polite butt sniffing, gave me a good sniff over. That was it. I felt the flood gates open. This wasn't one of my normal poops either. I had snuck into Wayne and Rupert's fridge the night before and found a leftover Taco Bell Burrito Supreme. Max's nose brushed my anus and my bowels strutted their stuff, unleashing a torrent of viscous, golden brown liquid, only slightly less majestically bronze than Max's coat.

the end

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this is actually really funny

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